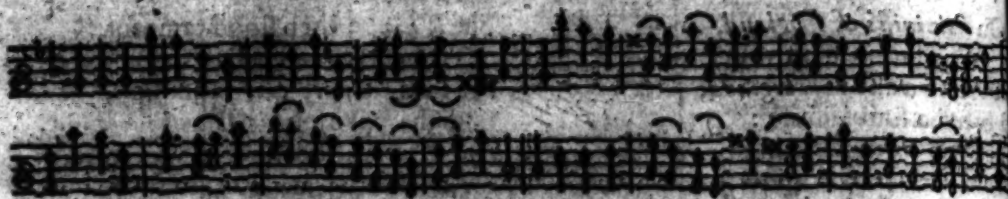


An Excellent New Song

On the late Victories over the TURKS.

To a very Pleasant New Tune.



(1)

HArk! the thundring *Canons* roar,
ecchoing from the *German* shore,
And the joyful *News* comes o'er,
The *Turks* are all confounded;
Lorrain comes, they run, they run;
Charge your *horse* through the grand
We'l quarter give to none, [half-moon
Since *Staremberg* is wounded.

(2)

Close your *Ranks*, & each brave *Soul*
Take a lusty flowing *Bowl*,
A grand *Carouse* to th' *Royal Pole*,
The *Empires* brave *Defender*,
No man leave his *Post* by *stealth*,
Plunder the *Grand Vissiers* *Wealth*,
But drink a *Helmet* full to th' *Health*
Of the Second *ALEXANDER*.

(3)

MAHOMET was a sober *Dog*,
A small *Beer* drouzy senseless *rogue*,
The *Juice* of the *Grape* so much in *vogue*
To forbid to those *Adore* him;
Had he but allow'd the *VINE*,
Given them leave to carouse in *Wine*
The *Turk* had safely past the *Rhine*,
And conquer'd all before him.

(4)

With dull *TEA* they fought in vain
Hopeless *Vict'ry* to obtain,
Where sprightly *Wine* fills ev'ry *Vein*
Success must needs attend him;
Our *Brains*, (like our *Canons*) war
With often *Firing*, feels no harm
While the sober *foe* flies the *Alarm*,
No *Laurel* can befriend him.

(5)

Christians thus with *Conquests* crown'd
Conquest with the *Glass* goes round
Weak *Coffee* can't keep its ground
Against the force of *Glarer*:
Whilst we give them thus the *Foyle*,
And the *Pagan Troops* Recoil,
The *Valiant Poles* divide the *Spoil*,
And in brisk *Nectar* share it.

(6)

Infidels are now o'recome,
But the most *Christian Turk's* at home
Watching the Fate of *Christendome*
But all his hopes are shallow;
Since the *Poles* have led the *Dance*
Let English *CESAR* now advance
And if he sends a *Fleet* to *France*,
He's a *Whig* that will not follow